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MR. O'CONNELL'S

POLITICAL TOUR,

TO

MANCHESTER, NEWCASTLE, EDINBURGH,

AND OTHER TOWNS IN THE

NORTH OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

WITH HIS VARIOUS RECEPTIONS AND SPEECHES, AND THOSE OF THE OTHER DISTINGUISHED PATRIOTS, WHO TOOK A LEADING PART IN THIS INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT MISSION.

COMPILED WITH ACCURACY FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

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Herald (*cheers*). He succeeded in his attempt in England, for there was a majority of 27 in the English and Welsh members against human liberty. But Scotland stood by her colours well, the flag of freedom floated over her cities, her counties, and her towns; and Scotland sent a majority against the Duke of 18 out of 53. That, however, would not answer—there was still a majority of 9 against liberty. But—hurrah for poor Pat—(*laughter*)—Pat drove into the thick of the fight (*cheers*). It's a custom he has, and really, gentlemen, he cannot help it (*continued laughter and cheers*). He would be braver than either the English or the Scotch, if braver than either of these brave nations could be found; but he well deserves to stand along with them (*loud cheers*).—Well, Paddy sent a majority of 33 for liberty; and here am I as large as life, one of them—(*and welcome*)—and, though all the 33 cannot talk as loud and as long as I can, yet they are all equally devoted to the amelioration of our institutions, and to the ultimate triumph of freedom (*cheers*). Well, we gained the victory, but though the Commons are with us, the House of Lords are against us, and they have determined that they will not concede a portion of freedom which they can possibly keep back. They have stood upon the limits of abuse, and have declared with respect to improvement—"Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." They have assumed the prerogative of the Creator; and as the Almighty has set bounds to the ocean, so the evil principle of Manichaeism has entered into the Lords, and they have said to human improvement—"There is your boundary, and the Lords won't permit you to pass it." But we have burst many stronger barriers than this, and this also shall be broken down—(*loud cheers*)—and it will not be endured that one hundred and seventy men will have the controul of millions (*cheers*). Oh! but say some, it is an ancient institution. Now, I should be glad to know, if 170 damsels of the court of George the IV., faded and toothless as they must now be, were to be allowed to stop the progress of useful measures, and prevent liberty from extending in a country where the arts, and sciences, and manufactures are extending on every side, what would you do with the old ladies? I suspect that, notwithstanding your respect for the ladies, you would hand them out (*cheers*). Now, I like the old women in pantaloons much less than the 170 old women in petticoats (*loud cheers and great laughter*). I have come on a mission to rouse Englishmen, and animate Scotchmen to put their shoulders to the wheel, and help us to dismiss the 170 pantaloon wearers—as we have turned out the old corporators—every man of them, and, substitute a principle of common sense in their room. Sir Robert Peel—the greatest humbugger that ever lived, and as full of political and religious cant as any man that ever canted in this canting world (*cheers*)—Sir Robert Peel, feeling himself quite safe on his own hill, says that we want but one chamber—one House of Radical Reformers. He knew that in saying this he was saying what was not true. We knew too well the advantage of

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double deliberation not to support two houses; but they must be subject to popular controul—they must be the servants, not the masters of the people (*loud and continued cheers*). The Hon. Gentleman then alluded to the remarks of Sir Robert Peel regarding Lynch's Law in America, and referred that Hon. Baronet to the Manchester massacre—the sacrifice of blood at Rathcormac and other places as more than a parallel to that occurrence in America. He also alluded to Sir Robert Peel's vivid eulogiums on Louis Philip the tyrant of France, which he described as uncommonly impudent and audacious, as indicatory of foregone conclusions. People never praised what they were not permitted to imitate. He then proceeded—Gentlemen, I have detained you too long—(*cries of* "*no, no.*") I have delighted myself with "thinking aloud" in your presence. From you my thoughts wander to the oppressed land of my birth. I remember her romantic vallies and her splendid hills; the evergreen verdure of her plains; the sound of her mountain streams fall on my ear; the rush of her waves against the cliffs, announcing with the voice of eternity that that nation is not to be enslaved nor degraded—(*cheers*). My countrymen will hear with delight the manner in which I was received in England and in Edinburgh (*loud cheers*). That shout shall reach from one end of Ireland to the other—and many a true hearted Irishman will feel his heart animated and uplifted within him when he hears how Scotland has received the humble individual now before you. Many an Irish mother, while she hugs her babe to her breast, and sings it to repose with an Irish air, will mix the noble strain with "Auld Langsyne" or "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and as the accents lull her babe to sleep, will raise her prayer to God to bless the generous people who stood by Ould Ireland in her days of need—(*great applause*).

Mr. Aytoun then came forward and said, they had listened to such a magnificent display of eloquence from him who might now be styled the first orator of the British empire, that he would not presume to detain them above a few moments. Mr. Aytoun then made a few remarks on the welcome which Mr. O'Connell had just received in Scotland, and concluded by proposing three cheers for that gentleman, a call which was loudly responded to by the multitude.

Mr. O'Connell then returned to the Waterloo Hotel, at the door of which a great crowd was waiting to receive him, and, indeed, the whole way from the hustings to the hotel was thronged in the same manner as before. The Trades left the ground, and marched to their respective stations, where they dispersed.

DINNER IN EDINBURGH TO MR. O'CONNELL.

The Dinner took place in the large hall of the Portable Gas Company, the dimensions of which are 120 feet by 71. This place was very tastefully and commodiously fitted up, under the direction of Mr. Alston, joiner. The pillars which supported the roof being 16 in number, were decorated with laurels, as was also a large representation of Mr. O'Connell's crest and arms, which was placed immediately behind the Chairman. The whole was brilliantly lighted by 21 gas lustres. The tables ran across the room, that of the chairman and croupier being placed in the centre of each side, and elevated above the rest. A gallery was fitted up at the south end for the ladies, and calculated to contain about 150. There were also two galleries erected on each side of the ladies' gallery for those who could not find accommodation in the area of the building. The number of tickets issued were 1400, but 1500 must have been present during the evening. Mr. O'Connell entered the room at half past five, and was received with loud cheers, which continued for a considerable time. Mr. Aytoun, the chairman was supported on the right by Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Tait, Dr. Bowring, M.P., Dr. Browne. LL. D., Dr. Epps, of London, the Rev. Mr. Nisbett, Councillors Russell, Richardson, Meudell, and Councillor Mitchell, of Leith, &c. &c. Upon the left by Mr. Ruthven, M. P., Dublin, the colleague of O'Connell, Mr. Gillon, of Wallhouse, M. P., Mr. Kinloch, of Kinloch, &c. Councillor Jameson, Deacon Fenwick, and Mr. R. Millar, officiated as croupiers. Grace was said by the Rev. Mr. Nisbett, and thanks were returned by the Rev. Mr. Halley.

The cloth being removed, the Chairman successively gave—The King—the Queen—The Princess Victoria, and the rest of the Royal Family—all which were drank with great cheering.

The Chairman then gave "The People, the only source of legitimate power," which was received with great applause. This was followed by the "Army and Navy," the band playing the appropriate tunes of Rule Britannia and the British Grenadiers.

The Chairman—Gentlemen, the next toast I have to propose is the health of Lord Melbourne and his Majesty's Ministers (*great and long continued cheers.*)

The Chairman rose and spoke as follows :—Gentlemen, I now rise to give the toast of the evening—(*great cheering*)—the health of our honoured and distinguished guest—the liberator of Ireland—(*cheers*)—the champion of the people's rights, the friend of the oppressed in every clime and every country—Mr. O'Connell—(*immense cheering, long continued, and again renewed*). The enthusiasm, gentlemen, which you have now manifested, an enthusiasm which I never saw surpassed, I might say equalled, but faintly, feebly expresses the generous emotion with which our breasts are now animated, in having an opportunity of evincing, personally, on this occasion, our respect, esteem, and gratitude to him whom we have so long admired at a distance, whose matchless talents, public virtues, and invaluable services, have made him the idol of his own country, and has made Ireland, poor Ireland, unfortunate as she may be in other respects—still on account of possessing him as her son, the envy both of England and of Scotland (*loud cheers*). Yes, Sir, we rejoice in having this opportunity, in your presence, of manifesting those feelings which we have long entertained towards you. Edinburgh—Scotland I

may say—holds out to you the right hand of welcome. From this day we shall claim you as an adopted son of Caledonia—we shall regard you not only as an Irishman, but as a Scotchman—and as such we shall have no hesitation for your powerful assistance, should we stand in need of it, fully assured that our appeal will never be made in vain (*cheers*). In return, we pledge ourselves to that which we know you will feel as the highest compliment to yourself, we pledge ourselves in our own name, and that of our countrymen, to strain every nerve in order to promote the prosperity of, and to see, full justice done to Green Erin, the land of your birth—that land which, notwithstanding your unparalleled exertion and success, is only but half emancipated from the tyranny of her oppressors (*loud cheers*). Well can we Scotchmen sympathize with our gallant friends of Ireland in their struggle for civil and religious liberty. We know from our own history what it is to suffer for conscience sake,—we too have been exposed to proscription and prosecution, because we did not choose to bow the knee to the Church of England, and to desert the religion of our fathers, and we can feel with the Irish Catholics who have stood by their own faith in spite of the disadvantages to which it has exposed them—who disdained the allurements of court favour, of riches and of ambition, when set in opposition to the dictates of their consciences—and who, in the words of the immortal Scott, "as soon as desert the faith of their gallant fathers, because that faith was exposed to persecution, would forsake their banner when the tide of battle pressed hardest against it, and turn like hireling recreants to join their victorious enemy"—(*loud and continued cheers*). But, gentlemen, I trust, that a new era has opened for Ireland—I trust we shall all see the day when Ireland shall not only enjoy the same rights and privileges as Britain, but when prosperity, comfort, and plenty, shall, as their necessary attendants, accompany peace, contentment, and internal tranquillity—when her fertile plains and lovely vallies will be crowned with abundance, not merely as at present, to be shipped abroad, in order to administer to the luxury and ostentation of the selfish absentee or pampered church-man—but to be consumed by the children of the soil who have raised it with the sweat of their brow, and who are certainly worthy of their hire (*applause*). That such a state of prosperity is approaching no one can doubt. The Catholic disabilities have been done away with. The axe has already been laid to the root of Orange ascendancy—the fabric of which, tyranny, is now tottering to its fall—in spite even of the support of the Duke of Cumberland himself. It is true, the measure lately introduced into parliament for the reformation of the English Church of Ireland has not yet passed into a law—but perhaps this is so much the better; for the delay occasioned by the House of Lords on this subject, will probably be the means of effecting a still more radical reform—a still more sovereign cure for the evil complained of (*cheers*). As good often results from evil—so the opposition of their lordships to this measure will, there

is every reason to believe, effect a thorough reform of the Irish Church—and will probably be the means of doing away altogether with the system of tithes in that kingdom. Yes, gentlemen, the attempt—the childish attempt of the Peers to obstruct the progress of church reform, or any other reform which the people desire, and are determined to obtain, is, as if an attempt were to be made to dam up with sand the course of one of our mountain torrents. Such a plan might have a partial success during the summer droughts. But let the mad projector recollect that the winter storms are approaching, when the peaceful stream, will, in consequence of the obstacle opposed to its progress, be converted into a mighty lake—which, disdaining the futile attempts made to restrain its onward course, will burst headlong through the feeble barrier effected to oppose its rage—carrying along with it to destruction in its resistless sweep, the foolish persons who sought protection under their puny bulwark. Such like must be the progress of popular opinion—and such too must be the fate of those who would attempt to stem with their feeble efforts the will of a mighty and united people. But, gentlemen, to return to Ireland—much has already been done to ameliorate her condition, and much more is in progress. And to whom is all this to be attributed? Why to him who now sits among us, whose whole life, and energies, since the first dawn of his manhood, have been devoted to the service of his country, and whose patriotic breast must now be rewarded by the consciousness that the regeneration of Ireland is owing almost to his individual exertions (*continued cheers*). Gentlemen, I think we have reason to be proud that Edinburgh has led the van among the towns of Britain in doing honour to O'Connell. But with what eagerness has our example been followed. Why the journey of Mr. O'Connell through the north of England and south of Scotland can be compared to nothing else than a triumphal progress; and, Sir, had your time and more important avocations permitted you to have traversed our country, you would not have found a town, village or hamlet, in broad Scotland—the inhabitants of which would not have turned out in honour of that name which is now the theme of praise in every cottage (*loud cheers*). Does not this, Sir, speak volumes? Does not this prove that England and Scotland can no longer be taxed with indifference towards Ireland?—that they no longer view her grievances with an apathetic eye—but regard her as a beloved sister entitled to the aid of her more fortunate brothers. Does not this prove that Ireland is now sure of receiving full justice—and that too without the necessity of a repeal of the Union?—No, Sir, the people of Scotland are opposed, perhaps selfishly opposed to a repeal—because we conceive it would be an irreparable loss to us were you and the gallant band of the Irish patriots who act with you to be withdrawn from the British parliament—no longer to fight our battles and to support the common cause of the people of Great Britain Gentlemen, I now give you the health of Mr. O'Connell. [*Drunk with great enthusiasm and loud cheers*].

Mr. O'Connell then rose, and was received with great cheers. He spoke as follows :—I do not mean to make a speech—I rise rather to ask you a question—What brought you here? (*laughter and cheers.*) It seems a trivial question, yet it is not unimportant in the history of nations at the present moment. What brought you here? Curiosity sure! I have been too much abused and too much praised not to be the object of some interest, but did ever curiosity draw together one thousand five hundred Scotchmen before? (*cheers and laughter.*) Why that very curiosity bespeaks a foregone conclusion, and the many who have not come from curiosity but from sympathy in my opinions, and from a consentaneous co-operation in my exertions, humble as they have been, those who come to evince their principles of action and mine are identical, being of course, the overwhelming majority of you whom I now address, indicates something that states may well ponder upon. Those who think they regulate the destinies of nations, may have materials for deep contemplation (*hear, hear*). It may be said, that this is arrogance in me, but how can that be mere arrogance when there are 1500 who have come voluntarily here to meet me? It may be said it is presumption, but I have travelled through England, passed through her manufacturing communities, and have seen her commercial wealth, and all that intelligence and energy of mind, which it has created; and I have been cheered as a son or a brother announcing to them a mission of peace, but at the same time determined to improve their political being, and to put an end to the oligarchical despotism of the Lords, who would endeavour to stifle liberty, and to terminate the progress of national improvement.—(*hear, hear, and loud cheers*). It is animating to think that the opinion of them in accordance with my own, shows the absolute necessity of doing away with the obstacles to peaceable improvement—(*hear, hear, hear*)—the absolute necessity of preventing the country being driven to anything approaching to revolution and anarchy; and even the exaggerations in the chairman's speech, respecting myself, violent and extravagant as those were, as applicable to me—(*no, no*)—yet these are sympathetic of the public mind, and your very endurance of that over measure of praise proves how deeply you are convinced that the humble individual before you is an instrument, weak as he is in himself, yet powerful in your hands, for achieving good to England, Scotland, and Ireland (*loud cheers*). Let your statesmen weigh that lesson. We have made great progress in political improvement within the last few years, from the time that Wellington was hurled from his administration,—from the time he said that the Parliament, as then constituted, was the very acmé of perfection (*cheers and laughter*). He said, (for he had not the wit, poor man, to have discovered,) that it was such an excellent system of legislation, that Providence had framed it (I believe he meant a Providence of a very dark colour) and that it was fortuitously formed by a course of events—that human ingenuity could never *a priori* have dreamt of the existence of it—

(*laughter and cheers*). Am I stating what is not true? The Duke said every word of it, not so flippantly, or in so good *English* as I speak it—(*great laughter*)—but not the less doggedly, determinedly, and distinctly. He could not dream of any such form of government being improved. The British people, however, did not agree with him. The government of Earl Grey, and honour to him for it, brought in the reform bill, and carried it; and the British nation stood forward in the first rank of nations, as it always deserved to do, and as I prophecy will always continue—(*loud and continued cheers*). The effect of that reform was melancholy for thirty-three individuals in the city of Edinburgh, but melancholy also for their masters, who thought to rule over you and a portion of the British nation. The effect of the reform bill was, the commencement of the gradual improvement of every portion of our institutions, to look into the abuses, the profligacy of the army and navy, I mean in point of expense—into the abuses of the church of Ireland, and of all that made the corporations of England the contempt and execration of every rational man. I believe you have sufficient recollection of the former working of your own corporations to understand the corporations of England. In the progress of that peaceable revolution, we were suddenly impeded. I do not now dwell upon the misfortune of the Whigs in their quarrel with Ireland. During that quarrel I would have despised myself, and been unworthy of my country, if I had remained cool, quiet, and peaceable, in the progress of the coercion bill. I have my excuse in the excellent language of the member for Aberdeen, Mr. Bannerman, who said that if such a bill had been attempted for Scotland, he would rather have died than supported it (*great and long continued cheering*). It was a mistake, gentlemen, of the Whig government of that day, a fatal policy, I don't forget it, but I heartily forgive it (*renewed cheering*). But we have since had a dissolution of parliament; Peel and Wellington came in again, and used the language of delusion to England and Scotland, but the scorpion lash of bigoted intolerance to Ireland (*cheers*). In the struggle, however, we were joined by the Scottish members, who, in the duty they performed for Ireland, were also true to their own country; and forgetting all previous differences, I only look back with a grateful remembrance to the services they rendered in the battle (*cheers*). We held out our hands to the Melbourne administration, and I rejoice at it, because we were rewarded by the excellent conduct of that ministry. From the moment they came into office until the present, the entire of their conduct towards Ireland is worthy of all praise (*loud cheers*). They have discountenanced party spirit, put down faction, and promoted the prosperity of Ireland by the selection of proper men for all the offices they had it in their power to bestow. A new era has appeared for Ireland. The dawn of a new day has commenced, but the Tories have determined to stop the progress of those benefits to Ireland and the British empire, for we in Ireland cannot be tranquil, peace-

able, and prosperous, without diffusing that prosperity, and giving the benefit of that tranquillity in all its strength to the British empire (*cheering*). I am naturally led away to Ireland (*cheers continued*). I had risen to speak of these matters as evincing the symptomatic determination of the Tories, for we have come to a great political crisis. The Commons are with the people. They echo the voice of the people, and obey their wishes, but their fidelity is vain as long as the one hundred and seventy of the House of Lords are enabled to stop their amendment. I call this meeting a decisive evidence that you are not prepared to submit to it—that you are not inclined to bow your necks to the Dagon of aristocratic dominion (*cheers*). The reform bill made this a necessary and infallible consequence. Before it the Commons were but another chamber—another instalment of the House of Lords. They (the House of Lords) recognised the working of the House of Commons, but it was a working in a community of mischief, and involved this nation in bloody and horrible wars, and left a load of one thousand millions of debt (*we feel it*). Having got rid of this connection between the two houses, you find the Lords have taken their position. They are dictating to the country, but are you prepared to submit? (*no, no.*) Your presence is sufficient evidence without the expression of your voices to show you are not, for, here am I, a missionary to preach down the House of Lords. While the House of Lords exists in its present state, it is impossible to have honesty and justice. I repeat, if suffered to exist in its present state, it drives us to revolution, and this country is not to be driven to revolution by anything, but the most extreme and inevitable causes. The changes in the British constitution for 200 years have all been effected in peace, calmness, and security, and woe to the land if the hand of force shall ever be employed to take from them that usurped power which can no longer be tolerated, because, it is no longer of utility to the British nation (*hear*). The franchise, in my opinion, is not sufficiently extensive. The duration of parliaments, in my opinion—and gentlemen you will concur with me—is too extensive. The mode of voting is liable to too many modes of controul, and, above all, to bribery. These ameliorations we want, and unless we can check the House of Lords we will not get any of them, for they are the self-styled tribunes of the people, and as such, they only preserve as many of the voters as may be bought for about two pounds a head. They thus preserve the instruments of corruption, and I repeat that until they are checked and controlled, corruption can never be banished from the British election. Oh what a quantity of mischief have they not done in the last session. How many useful measures have they not checked in their progress. There was the prisoners' counsel bill; you will be surprised to hear in Scotland, that if a prisoner in England is charged with a misdemeanour he may have counsel, but if charged on his life, such is the *humanity* of the English law that he is denied that benefit. The counsel, to be sure, in the latter case, can cross-

examine the witnesses, but if he dares to speak as to the merits of the charge he is put down by the judge, who tells him that the prisoner may speak for himself *(hear)*. A very pretty proceeding this is! But the present bill which was to do away with that anomaly was annihilated in the House of Lords *(hear)*. Another bill was brought in to disfranchise Stafford, where out of 521 electors, how many do you think were bribed? Why, only 520, gentlemen—*(a laugh)*. There was one found faithful, and to his honour be it said, he was a clergyman of the Church of England *(hear)*. But the 520 individuals, every mother's son of them was bribed *(much laughter)*. But what did the House of Lords do with the disfranchisement bill? Why, they took a religious notion, and having one just man in Stafford, they forgave the 520—*(renewed laughter)*; with the most exemplary piety, they left the 520 to be bribed again. [Mr. O'Connell alluded to another bill for facilitating the administration to the effects of deceased persons, and proceeded].—There was another bill—but really if I were to enumerate all the bills I would detain you all night—*(no doubt)*. I say this was the Irish Church bill. Now, the principle of that bill was, that Protestantism should be kept up in Ireland as long as Protestants remained, the pastors being paid out of the funds of the State.—Now, for my own part, I candidly tell you, I am for a voluntary principle *(cheers)*. With those who differ with me on that subject, and those who differ have an equal right to their opinions as I have to mine, and I do not mean here to impugn their opinions, but I say that those who differ with me ought to be content with this, that so far as you find a Protestant in Ireland, he shall be provided with spiritual instruction out of the funds of the State. We did not go the length of your own sturdy ancestors, who insisted on having the creed of the Established Church of the same colour with that of the people. There are about 800,000 Protestants in Ireland, while there are six millions of Catholics *(cheers)*. But we offered cheerfully to pay for the religious instruction of the 800,000 Protestants, and only asked that the surplus funds should be appropriated, but to whom? To the six millions;—No; but to the purposes of religious and moral instruction. Oh, but you say the Catholics of Ireland do not become Protestants, because they (the Catholics) are ignorant, benighted, and uninstructed. If that be so,—if there be such ignorance and darkness, the way to dispel it is surely to spread the light of education *(hear and cheers)*.—Well, I don't think, after all, we were very unreasonable; we only, as I have already said, wanted the surplus for the purpose of religious and moral education. But what do the Lords do? Why the call for religious and moral education was totally unfit for the House of Lords, pensioned bishops, and all. Because if there was education there would be no longer Toryism. There really could not, and my own opinion is, that there will not be Toryism much longer; and my own opinion is, that Toryism is really and essentially dishonest. I will tell you why. Strip Toryism of the delu-

sion, and what is it but that my uncle or my cousin should get a pension or place of emolument (*cheers and laughter*). Some Tories are foolish enough to be content with a bow from a great man, but those are silly Tories; the real Tory is quite a different animal—he likes corruption—because something will come from it; but it will soon vanish—and the time will speedily come when a man will shrink from the appellation of Tory as much as if he were called a rogue. They now, to be sure, attempt to style themselves by the immaculate name of Conservatives, but shorten that title, and call them rogues in future (*aye, aye*). To return to the Irish Church bill, the Lords thought different this session from what they did last. This session they agreed to reduce the incomes of the Protestant clergy to £72 15s. per cent., although last session we offered them, and I myself drew the clause, £77 10s. per cent., which they rejected (*hear*). Why, Paddy is determined not to pay tithes, and there is no determination in which a man can be so fixed as *not to pay (laughter)*. If he were cited to an ecclesiastical court he would not pay,—if he were sued in Exchequer he would not pay—if he were sued at common law he would not pay —if called on by the police he would not pay—(*laughter*). They brought out horse, foot, and artillery, still not a doit would he pay; but, as if to make religion more Christian in his eyes, they shot as many Paddies as possible. (*horrible!*) There they lay, nine of them in one slaughtered heap—but still he would not pay (*hear, hear*). Then the Lords offered to take the £72 15s. per cent., but Paddy would not give it to them—they must swallow the bill entire,—you must either take the moral and religious instruction, or take nothing at all. The pill was however too bitter for them, and so there was an end of it in the House of Lords. There were other bills relating to Ireland, and one particularly, which, although it might create very little attention in Britain, north and south, was yet of very considerable importance to families in Ireland. In Scotland, you all know that the marriage law is the most open that can well be. A marriage contract can be formed without celebration, by a distinct and open avowal. In England the contract is wound up in one thousand forms, and thus in the most important contract that can be formed by human beings, something may be omitted that will be fatal to the children. In Ireland there is a middle state. Every marriage is valid that is celebrated by a clergyman of any order and description. If by a Protestant clergyman, it is valid between a Protestant and Catholic, or any other persuasion. But there is one exception, if celebrated by a Catholic clergyman between a Roman Catholic and a person who is a Protestant, or who even was so within 12 months before, the marriage is totally void and null. Is the priest punishable? Not at all. Is the husband punishable? Not at all. Is the wife? Yes, she too often is, for it enables many a seducer to accomplish his vile purposes, who would be treated with scorn and contempt if he were to come without such a mask; and I have known instances of the most

cruel misery resulting from this law (*hear*). Well, we brought a bill into the House of Commons to remedy this crying evil. It passed nearly unanimously—it went up to the Lords, and what do you think? Why, because I advocated it they had the atrocity to throw it out and leave the innocent children to suffer. (*shame!*) It may be said this is a small matter. Oh, no, gentlemen. It bespeaks a great principle, and it shows with what vile pertinacity the Lords use their influence against everything that has the appearance of justice, or that is in conformity with the wishes of the people. Oh, I detain you too long (*no, no, go on*). There was another bill to prevent the introduction of Orangemen into the police force. Well, that bill was a great improvement to all Ireland, because it has 7,000 paid police. It was, however, thrown out like the rest, because they (the Lords) patronize Orangemen. The Dublin police bill was thrown out on the same foolish and absurd ground—that I had supported it. And, good heaven, can any thing afford so melancholy an instance of a British assembly, than that they thus throw out measures, not on the facts, but simply because one individual supports them. Am I calumniating their lordships? Why, no, unless twenty-four millions of people are not to be credited. They said in the face of the British nation, —they calmly avwoed it—that these bills were thrown out because there happened to be such a man as Daniel O'Connell (*hear, hear, and cheers*). They did not give us the Irish corporation bill, but we will have it next year, with the help of England and Scotland. They mutilated the English corporation bill. We went to the limit of conciliation. I, for one, thought that we had gone to an extreme length, but they, notwithstanding, sent us back the bill, adhering to two most mischievous provisions. It then became a question whether the mischief of the Lords was such that we could accept the bill as a small instalment, or entirely abandon it, and commence a new agitation to make them do us justice the next session. We, however, at last preferred a compromise, and took 10s. 6d. in the national debt. We have got that from a fraudulent debtor, but we have given them no acquittance—no discharge (*loud cheers*). On the contrary, we have the pledge of the ministry, and the voice of the House of Commons, to begin with us next session in a louder demand (*renewed cheers*). Having in the mean time availed ourselves of the instalment we will be better able to secure the rest, and to unite all the force of a great nation. I was myself afraid that there would be a division in the camp of the reformers, and it is manifest from the speech of Peel at Tamworth, that he relied more on your divisions that on his own strength (*hear, hear*).—That man to be sure is one of the greatest humbuggers that ever lived (*laughter*). At Tamworth he said, how was it possible that reformers who said so and so of each other at a former period could now concur in action? Why, what was he that he had as one of his own cabinet? I mean, Sir E. Knatchbull, the man who opposed him (Sir R. Peel) on the Catholic emancipation, saying

that there was never such a mixture of depravity and profligacy of public principle, and that all confidence in public men had fled for ever—*nusquam tuta fides*, for after ransacking the English language for terms of abuse, Sir Edw. Knatchbull found it was not enough, and was compelled to resort to Latin (*laughter*). We reformers must now form a phalanx, and our motto must be, down with Toryism, and up with the standard of Reform (*cheers*). In England we will have the corporations, although I was afraid they would be angry with us for our concessions, but I am delighted to tell you the bill has been excellently well received in all the corporate towns of England. And why? Because it turns out the thirty-three that elected themselves—(*laughter*)—and all the old burgesses, the capital calves, as Shakespeare has it; and they certainly took capital care to put all the charity, and all other good things into their own pockets—those funds being of too domestic a nature to wander away from themselves. But all that is gone, and men in their stead will be elected by the people. But yet I am sorry that there is one great draw-back, I mean the pecuniary qualification—is it not qualification enough for a man that he is selected by his fellow-citizens, but above all if they put a poor man forward, is it not evident that he must have some qualification to counteract the circumstance of his being a poor man—some extraordinary virtue rising superior to his poverty in the opinions of his fellow-citizens. (*hear*). But who proposed it but Sir Robert Peel, the more shame to him. His father, to his glory, was a cotton spinner, and his son, on that account, ought to belong to the people; but instead of that, he put all the social moral qualities of the people in the one scale, and the £1000 in the other, and the moral qualifications kicked the beam (*cheers*). We have contradicted him here, and, with the blessing of God, we will ring the bell of contradiction again in his ears. Answer my question—what brought you here? You came here to oppose Peel of Tamworth (*loud cheers*). You came to oppose Wellington (*renewed cheers*). You came to oppose Tory rogues and rapparees (*cheers*). You came to oppose all those who resist the course of liberty and just policy—to oppose all those who insist on respecting institutions merely because they are aged. Why in arts, sciences, literature, manufactures, and commerce, you are every day improving. There is no doubt that the British nation is increasing the quantum of useful improvement, in every thing that conduces to human comfort and the accumulation of the wealth of nations. You have brought your machinery almost to think. If a man were to come and tell me that spinning with distaff is an ancient institution, and therefore to cry down with the spinning Jennies, and up with the distaffs—it is blasphemy to use the spinning Jennies, the old women used to spin very comfortably—would we be justified in taking his advice? What would become of the manufactories of this country, if we were condemned to have no yarn but what was spun from the distaffs? I am for the new and improved machinery. Sir R. Peel is

in favor of the spinning Jennies in manufactures, and yet he comes forward the child and champion of the oligarchy, and hurrahs for the distaffs in politics (*cheers*). But then he is a friend to the Dissenters. Mighty like a friend, as we say in Ireland (*laughter*). He reminds me of an individual who interfered in a duel in Ireland, without being a second. When asked what was his business there, he said, "I am a mutual friend." Oh! then, said the querist, we must have a mutual friend on the other side (*renewed laughter*). So I suppose Sir Robert Peel is a mutual friend of the Dissenters —on one side (*continued laughter*). He a friend to the Dissenters! Now, was there anything ever yet heard so audacious as this?— Why, didn't he oppose the Dissenters even more than he did the Catholics? Did he not say that one great argument for not emancipating the Catholics, for whom, on account of their numbers, he admitted there was some show of justice, was the fear that it would lead to the emancipation of the Dissenters; that was his argument. But even an unreformed House of Commons would no longer endure, that one class of Protestants should be stigmatised by another class for differing with them in judgment, and what did Peel do? He got petted, the angry boy, and walked out of the house in the face of his party, who were obliged to apologise for the infirmity of his temper (*laughter*). And even no farther than last year he refused to the Dissenters the poor privilege of obtaining degrees at the Universities. And yet Peel calls himself the friend of the Dissenters! But the Dissenters will rather confide in the promises of Lord John Russell. They will speedily be put on a perfect equality with the rest of their Protestant brethren. They will have their own marriages—Why not? They will have their own mode of baptism—Why not? They will have the burial of their dead—Oh! that law should interfere between a Christian and the last rites he pays to his departed relative. Peel would have continued this system, but I am sure that Lord John Russell will abolish the last particle of these stigmas, and the Protestant Dissenters will laugh to scorn the hollow promises of Sir Robert Peel. There is another topic in his speech which has filled me with apprehension. He concluded his speech with the praise of others, for nine-tenths of it was filled with praise of himself;—and whom does he praise? He praises Louis Philippe, the tyrant of France—he praises him for having put down free discussion—for having made intellect useless—for having stopped the progress of thought; and in all the relations of life for having put an end to improvement, because improvement exposes fraud and error. He has put down that without which Edinburgh would be as barbarous as Constantinople! nay, more; while in Paris, the centre of civilization, the King of the French is crushing the press; in Constantinople, the Sultan is establishing and encouraging newspapers. But what care I for either despot? I care for Peel, who would be the despot of this country, and who has praised Louis Philippe, for having put juries under controul—a most atrocious law, and which

no Briton would deserve to wear the nature of man if he allowed it to pass. It is not important to us that such a law exists in France; but it is important that a man who was Prime Minister of this country, and who tells us, that he is again looking forward to the same situation, should have the audacity to praise it. I had almost forgot the main point of my address, that no help could be expected for Ireland 'till the Lords were checked; but I need not dwell on this subject at the present time, for the myriads who congregated round me this day, carried this music to my ear, Ireland has countless friends in Scotland—(*cheers*)—and that it would be impossible longer to continue their despotism. But what shall we do? Are we to meet, eat and drink, and shout and talk idly?—No; let us determine as men. I trust that during the recess, petitions will be got up in every town and village in Scotland, calling upon the House of Commons to consider whether it be not necessary for the public liberty, that the principle of representation should be introduced to the House of Lords (*loud cheers*). I have always been for two houses of legislature, to prevent crude measures from being passed into laws under the passions which might influence, or the faction which might govern a single house.—Yes, I am for two houses of legislature; but I am not for one subjected to the popular controul, while the other is left to act according to the sinister influence of the majority in that house. I plainly see that it is impossible to work out good for England or Scotland, and, alas, there is no mitigation of the evils in Ireland 'till this grievance is remedied. Let open combinations be formed every where, and let the petitions be signed by every man who has a heart and an arm (*cheers*). I naturally plead for Ireland, and who can blame me? I have already done my country some service; and I do imagine that if I were to descend to my grave tomorrow, I would do so with this consolation, that I left my country better at my death than I found her (*great cheering*). It has been said [here the hon. and learned gentleman spoke with peculiar emphasis] that England and Scotland are opposed to a repeal of the Union. Why, so am I, if justice is done to Ireland (*cheers*). Why should not the people of Ireland have corporate rights as England and Scotland have—why should they not be freed from the domination of a paltry faction, as England and Scotland are—why should not the consciences of the Irish people be free and unfettered as, thank God for it, the people of England and Scotland are? Answer these questions in the negative, and I tell you that, though the game may be hopeless, you will drive me to become a Repealer again. Answer them in the affirmative, and Ireland will join you heart and hand, and will be ready to fight your battles—(*great cheering*). England and Ireland have too long answered to the fable of the dwarf and the giant, where the dwarf gets all the blows and the wounds, and the giant comes in for the honour and plunder. Now, I tell you, we will not endure that Ireland should be the dwarf by the side of such a giant power as England! but

raise her political stature to the standard of England and Scotland, and then—hurrah for the Union (*long continued cheering*). For six hundred years the iron hoof of misrule has trampled upon the green isles of my lovely land. Her soil is fertile to exuberance, for no summer sun scorches it to sterility, nor does the winter chill it into barrenness—fertile to exuberance are her valleys—lovely are her rivers, as they rush from the sides of her mountains, and flow through her green plains—oh! not to bear on their bosoms the products of her commerce—would to heaven it were; but extorting from the land the very necessaries of life, while their banks are lined with starving people. Her harbours are safe from every gale, and open at every hour of every tide, and yet, though a solitary sail may occasionally be seen on her seas, commerce she has none, —her sons wander over every land as the accursed of heaven, and they are to be found in every country toiling for that subsistence which is denied them at home—supported in their exile only by the exuberance of their native spirits, and sighing in secret sorrow that they shall never more behold the land of their birth (*great cheers*). Why is Ireland without commerce?—misgovernment. Why is she without manufactures?—misgovernment. Why are her sons starving among fields that teem with produce?—misgovernment. I call upon you to rid your souls of the crime of acquiescing in this mischief (*we will*). I shall carry back to my own country a tale of joy. I shall tell my countrymen that I read in the countenances of the manly, shrewd, and discerning people of Scotland a determination to join us in struggling for our rights. (*cheers*). I shall tell them that a nation never exceeded in the arts of war, and in the bravery of her sons—I shall tell them that a country who, in the words of one of our countrymen, who was an orator, soars in the full blaze of the arts and sciences, "with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires,"—that you have vowed, and I now vow for you—Ireland shall be free.

The Honourable and learned Gentleman sat down amidst enthusiastic cheering.

Mr. O'Connell again rose and said—I am going to give you another speech, but not a long one. The duty to propose a toast has been imposed on me, but I am afraid the duty will be on my side and the imposition on yours. (*laughter.*) I am to propose prosperity to the city in which you live, and oh! what a delightful task to be allowed to speak of the moral, physical, and personal beauties of the scene around me to day. Nature never spread lovelier tints than I saw as I passed my eye along the horizon, from that lovely spot where we were this forenoon assembled. The panorama was one of great beauty, beyond the power of painting, for no painter could ever reflect its varied and striking features. Your two cities lay beneath me, marking different eras in your history—the old city with the fortress, built to defend you against the incursions of your southern neighbours—the streets narrow and unhealthy, yet purified by the cleanliness of modern habits. In your new city I saw all that was modern, convenient, and beautiful,

with extensive foot-paths, and containing a population such as never before met the human eye—comfortable, manly, and well clad. (*laughter.*) The scene both moral and physical was both more than painters could express, or even youthful poets fancy when they love. (*laughter.*) Oh! what a contrast between the civilization of the middle classes of the present day, and of those times when the proud Barons rode in panoply of mail over our streets, and trampled the people under their iron hoofs. That period has gone by for ever. I glory in the sober, steady, calm, and dignified manner in which you have used your newly acquired privileges (*cheers*) and I beg to give "Prosperity to the City of Edinburgh."

Councillor Richardson replied—Sir, I regret that the official situation which I hold, as one of the Councillors for the first District in the city, makes it incumbent on me, who am so ill qualified to discharge the duty, to express the delight which the citizens of Edinburgh have this day experienced in having you—Ireland's friend—amongst them in Auld Reikie. But, sir, words are unnecessary, for the joy that sparkles in every eye, and the loud hurrah that emanates from every bosom, must convince you that we men of the North, cold, though our feelings be called, can welcome a friend, and appreciate services such as yours—(*cheers.*) I am proud this day at the honour Mr. O'Connell has done us, and for the compliments he has paid our city. We, my friends, have never shrunk from extending the right hand of fellowship towards all those who, like him, have nobly stood forward to advocate the cause of the oppressed—and, I trust his presence here to day, will serve as a stimulus to us to persevere still more in extending the cause of freedom. (*loud cheers.*)

Counsellor Jameson said it was now his province, as a tribune of the people and the poor, to announce to the meeting what the people and the poor wished for, what they desired, and what they demanded. In this respect he was but the feeble echo of what had often been much better said by their old friends and allies the whigs, in the days of their adversity, when with Fox for their leader, they made the table to resound with the toast of the "Majesty of the People." And this toast was so distasteful to another Majesty actually reigning, but not more legitimate, that he caused those who drank the toast to feel the effects of his royal jealousy. (*cheers*) Mr. Jameson then proceeded in eloquent and glowing language to descant upon the oppression which, in all ages of the world, the mass of the people had groaned under. Even the Magna Charta, he said, which we heard so continually praised, was but a bargain between two plunderers, with a word or two thrown in in favour of the plundered, lest the people should turn against them. Even the revolution of 1688 though it gave freedom a great step in advance, yet it established a selfish and unrelenting oligarchy. Mr. Jameson being at the bottom of the room was imperfectly heard by the body of the meeting, who manifested some impatience before he

concluded his speech. He gave the extension of the suffrage, triennial parliament, and vote by ballot.

Mr. Gillon, M. P., said the toast which had been entrusted to his charge was of such a nature, and would be so cordially received by the friends of liberty, as to atone for any deficiencies of the individual who now addressed them. He was about to propose the health of a member of what was usually termed the Upper House of the Legislature, but now more generally and more appropriately termed the House of Incurables. (*cheers and laughter.*) And yet he believed they would scarcely think him sincere in this when he told them that no one looked upon the acts of the House of Lords during the last session with more detestation and with more disgust than he did. I give you, said Mr. Gillon, the health of a man who has been emphatically called the people's peer—the Earl of Durham. (*cheers.*) I regret that that noble lord is not a member of the present Cabinet, and look forward with anxious anticipation to the day, when we shall see that noble lord, and my honourable and learned friend Mr. O'Connell, joint members of the same Cabinet—(*cheers*)—and uniting their gigantic powers in wielding the destinies of this great nation. But we have the consolation to reflect, that at the present period, when the despots of the north are plotting against the liberties of Europe, assisted by the illustrious (by courtesy) Grand Master of the Orange Lodges,—(*laughter and cheers*)—that at this period we have at the Court of Nicholas the Autocrat, one who is able, as he is willing, to maintain the dignity of the Empire, and the liberality of our policy. He concluded by giving the health of Earl Durham, which was drunk with loud cheers.

Dr. Browne was received with loud cheers. It would he thought be the greatest possible presumption in almost any individual to encroach for a moment upon their attention at that hour of the evening. After the display of superhuman eloquence which they had heard that evening, he certainly should be the last person who should transgress, even for a few moments if it were not that the toast put into his hands was one which was immediately connected with that extraordinary man whom they had met to honor. That toast was—"The speedy and effectual redress not to one, not to several, but redress to all the wrongs of Ireland—(*loud cheers*). Perhaps history in her ample page unfolds no other instance of a country so cursed by systematic, unrelenting, remorseless, cruel, and protracted misrule as Ireland—(*loud and continued cheering*). Other nations have terminated their oppressions in a track of years —the wrongs of Ireland can only be measured by centuries. The learned Doctor concluded by proposing the toast.

Mr. Tait, after a few observations, proposed the Operative and Productive Classes.

Mr. Alston returned thanks and proposed—May Agitation never cease till justice be obtained.

Dr. Brown proposed the health of the sons of Mr. O'Connell,

in doing which, he paid a high compliment to their talents, and said that from their past career they had shown that they were not only chips of the Old Block, but that in time they would be the Old Block itself (*cheers*).

Mr. MORGAN O'CONNELL returned thanks.

The CHAIRMAN then proposed the health of Sir J. Campbell, and in doing so, pronounced a high eulogium upon his character as a Scotchman—(*cheers.*)

Mr. O'CONNELL again rose, and was received with renewed bursts of applause. Gentlemen, the toast which I have been commanded to give is, "Restoration of the dear-bought liberties of France, and the increase of the friendly relations between Great Britain and that country." As to the encreasing relations between the two countries, it is highly desirable that the horrible doctrine of war and military contention should give way to the only battle which ought hereafter to be fought, that of public opinion (*cheers*). As to the restoration of the liberties of France, I take, of course, a deep interest in human freedom all over the globe; I care not what be the colour of the people, or the caste, or the creed, of the human being; I assert their inalienable right to freedom, although the sun may have scorched the colour of slavery on their skin, or the power of despotism shackled their limbs with unjust bondage. But France has dearly bought her liberties—she has—and she has suffered to teach us a lesson. Her first revolution was a bloody carnage, too long provoked, but too violently retaliated. It commenced, not by reforming the temporalities of her establishment, but by annihilating it, and by promoting a profane infidelity which was the scorn of all who had imbibed a sense of religion. It is not in a spirit of calumny I say this. The first revolution was sullied with irreligion and blood, and like all revolutions which are sullied with these crimes, it resulted in a military despotism—which is just a different species of slavery. It was far different at the last revolution. But what is the result? Why they have got a king again—(*laughter*)—of the right Bourbon sort—one certainly who has no claim to legitimacy, but the king of the people appears to me to have as pretty a taste for despotism as any of the most sanguinary of the legitimates —(*cheers*). When he commenced his career—O! what a glorious career!—there were only two hundred thousand electors out of a population of 13 millions, and it was expected of the Citizen King that he would extend the franchise. To give the French liberty they would require at least 5 millions of voters. But no. He chose rather to tie up the constitution (*hear, hear, hear*). The only goed thing left in France is the ballot. As for Louis Phillippe, I wish them well rid of his dynasty, for with him their liberties can never be safe. The toast was drank with great cheers.

The CHAIRMAN then rose to propose "Mr. Ruthven and the liberal members for Ireland," and commented on the great obligations all classes of Reformers owe to the Irish members for their zealous support on all liberal questions.

Mr. Ruthven rose and returned thanks on behalf of himself and the Irish members, who, he said, if they had done less than they wished in supporting the reforms connected with Scotland and England, had done all they could. With regard to the repeal of the Union, which he had heard spoken of, he would not shrink from avowing that no man more sincerely desired than he did an independent Parliament in Ireland. (*cheers and laughter*). The honourable gentleman concluded by proposing the health of the Chairman.—(*cheers.*)

Mr. Aytoun returned thanks. He would not affect to deny that he had endeavoured to do his best according to the humble sphere of his action. As had been said of Mr. Tait's pamphlet, he was a plain, unpretending, but not very fastidious reformer. Before he concluded he begged to give as a toast, "Messrs. Gillon, Dr. Bowring, and the liberal members for Scotland." He begged to congratulate the meeting that the stain had been wiped from the character of our Scotch representatives. Formerly the representatives of the aristocracy, or what is worse, mere dependents on the Minister of the day, and ready to "sell their birthright for a mess of pottage." (*cheers*). But so soon as the people possessed a shadow of the franchise, they hastened to exercise it, and returned honest reformers, who had nobly done their duty to their country and the people. He concluded by giving the healths of Dr. Bowring, Mr. Gillon, and the liberal Members of Scotland.

Mr. Gillon rose to return thanks, and remarked that the applause with which his conduct and that of the other liberal representatives had been greeted, more than amply repaid them for any exertions they had it in their power to bestow.

The Chairman then gave "Mrs. O'Connell and the roof tree of Darrynane."

Mr. O'Connell returned thanks. No man, he remarked, could struggle well for his country whose nest was not warm at home—and it was quite certain there was no honey in the cup of life if not administered by the hand of those we love. (*cheers*). For his own part he owed much—perhaps the whole of his public character—to Mrs. O'Connell. When, in consequence of the chills of disappointment, he felt himself driven almost to give up a political life, and betake himself again to that profession in which he had been so successful, he always yielded to her suggestions to the contrary, and he found himself more loved at home for continuing to struggle for his native land—(*cheers.*)

Mr. Thomas Smith gave "Joseph Hume and cheap Government".

Mr. Reed gave "Extinction of Slavery all over the world."

Mr. Christie, Dundee, gave "A speedy and effectual reform of the House of Lords."

Mr. O'Connell rose and gave "The Trades of Edinburgh," to whom he begged to express the strongest feelings of gratitude. He thought the Lords should be tradesmen, and tradesmen the Lords. (*laughter.*) If he required any stimulent to urge him on to the

advocacy of the extension of the suffrage and vote by ballot, it would be found in the appearance of the Trades that day. (*cheers*)

Mr. Bigger returned thanks, and gave "Messrs. Galloway and Wire, and the strangers from England.

Mr. Galloway returned thanks, and gave "Success to the Projected Reformers of next session."

Mr. O'Connell in introducing the health of Mr. Tait, remarked upon the character of the public press of Edinburgh, in which he saw exhibited a good deal of variety, for while it had presented some of the most perseveringly classick writings that had ever appeared, such as the Blackwood's and the Ettrick Sheppard's—to the latter of whom it was the greater disgrace that he had forsaken his order, and given so much adulation to the great folks, having sprung from the people himself. He concluded by giving Mr. Tait, and the universal diffusion of political knowledge. (*cheers.*)

Mr. Tait simply returned thanks.

The Chairman then said, that as it was twelve o'clock, he would close a happy meeting by giving the last toast, which was "Both sides of the Channel." (*cheers*).

Three cheers were then given for Mr. Aytoun, and the same for Mr. O'Connell, after which the meeting dispersed in the utmost order and regularity.

PRESENTATION OF A SILVER VASE TO MR. O'CONNELL, AND SOIREE.

Edinburgh, Saturday, 19th. September.

A meeting was this day held, at a very short notice, in the News Room of the Waterloo Hotel, for the purpose of presenting to Mr. O'Connell a silver vase, as a tribute from the United Irishmen of Edinburgh, in admiration of the distinguished services which the Honourable and Learned Gentleman had rendered to the cause of civil and religious liberty. About half past one o'clock Mr. O'Connell entered and was reeeived with loud cheers. Silence having been obtained the President of the Society rose and, after a few prefatory remarks, proceeded to read an Address which had been drawn up by the Society for the occasion. The address which was exceedingly well written, was very complimentary and dwelt with great force upon the judicious conduct of Mr. O'Connell during the last session, observing that he had forgotten Ireland for a season, in order that the common cause of liberty over the three kingdoms might be secured a more certain triumph. The President having concluded, presented the cup and the address into Mr. O'Connell's hands amid loud cheering. The cup was of very handsome workmanship weighing fifty ounces, of the value of £30. The lid was surmounted by a plain old Irish harp, and on one of the sides was the following inscription, surrounded by wreaths of shamrocks;—

"Presented by the united Irishmen of Edinburgh to Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P., the Liberator of Ireland, and the friend of man, in testimony of their attachment to him, and to the principles of his public life, and in grateful acknowledgement of those exertions by which they, in common with the Irish nation, have been restored to civil and religious liberty."

The cheering having subsided.

Mr. O'Connell rose, and spoke to the following effect:—It may appear strange, that at such a meeting as this, and in reply to

such an address, I should begin with a complaint. Yet I do, for in that address it is stated that I forgot Ireland for a moment. Now I never did. No moment of my life have the wrongs of Ireland gone out of my mind (*cheers.*) From the period of my earliest infancy to the "sear and yellow leaf" of life, the thought of Ireland has been ever with me; her wrongs, her sufferings, her rights, have been the constant theme of every wish and aspiration of my heart. She has ever been my waking dream by day, and my sleep by night. A species of policy may have induced you to suppose that, engrossed with other objects, I had forgot Ireland for a moment; but oh! believe me, that the thought of Ireland, the good of Ireland, has never ceased to occupy my mind every day and every hour; and has uniformly been the prevailing motive of my conduct. He who has to assail the wild beast of the forest, advances not direct against the monster, for if he do he perishes in the contest. If there be not a using of stratagem, in order to obtain the object, the monster of despotism, as in England, with one hundred and seventy heads and no heart—(*cheers*)—will be certain to lay him prostrate. My present policy is to circumvent that monster; to take him not unawares but with the strongest collection of force on every side that I can; and if I appear for a moment to forget the immediate cause of Ireland, I only enhance the triumph of that country by ensuring advantage to England, freedom to Scotland, and blessings to Ireland. The common interest of all ought to be the language of patriotism—the universality of the benefit ought to be the stimulent of the men who work fearlessly for the public—and the spirit of universal benevolence and affection, and that which the charity of our common christianity, and the dictates of the God who shall judge us all, imprint on the human mind as the first of his commandments. But when I was born, the natives of Ireland—the descendants of the chiefs of old, were marked with the brand of slavery and degradation, and the Roman Catholic was only allowed to breathe and to labour in his native land. I could not endure that we should be stigmatized for conscience and our country's sake. I early registered a vow in Heaven that I should never submit to it—and a beginning to withstand it was made with a few, the fiftieth part of the number present in this room—and by incessant energy and perpetual agitation, and a righteous cause, I did make Ireland combine, and the voice of seven millions burst forth like the thunder of the Heavens, and affrighted the inmost souls of Peel and Wellington.—(*immense cheering.*)—But remember how it was achieved. It was not on any narrow or sectarian principle. I think my own religion the best or I would not adhere to it; but I respect the sincerity of every other man's religious professions, and I esteem man only according to the measure of the strength, sense, and religious impression of his mind, whatever be the form of faith which his conscience dictates. (*cheers*). The principle which I assert is the universal right of freedom of conscience. Religion ought to exist only between

man and his God, and no fellow mortal has a right blasphemously to interfere between the created and the Creator, whose name be for ever blessed! The first step we Catholics took, was successful in obtaining for the Protestant Dissenters in England an admission into the Constitution, before we opened the doors for ourselves. And when we succeeded afterwards, we succeeded after asserting our principles for others; and we came in free from the taunt of bigotted attachment to our own faith, although our sincerity was undoubted (*cheers*). But how, my countrymen, did we achieve this? Was it by violence? No. Was it by turbulence? No. Was it by stimulating to crime, or appealing to force? No. Did we shed one drop of human blood? No. Did we even create one single pang or pain, except in the minds of the bigots who ought to be a little vexed? (*laughter*) No. I appealed to the people of Ireland, and told them that an obedience to the law was their strength—that illegal acts would tarnish their cause, and give power over them to their enemies. I told them that secret societies and illegal oaths are crimes most prevalent, which in some degree, however, may be palliated in a country where justice was a name, and mercy a mockery—(*cries of hear, hear, and loud cheering*)—but that they were the more criminal for entering into such combinations, because by doing so they afforded better opportunity for the enemy to traffic in the blood of their deluded victims. (*hear and cheers.*) Secret and illegal societies I banish everywhere, and whenever I address my countrymen, I condemn them emphatically. When any man belongs to an illegal society, he puts himself in the power of every individual who may steal into it. The informer has only to accuse any person in that society to any extent of criminality he pleases, and the accused is without a witness, but if he produces one who is able to swear to the contrary, the moment that witness appears he is accused as co-guilty of the same secresy, and thus a secret society delivers up its members bound hand and foot, to the atrocity and avarice of the blood stained informers. (*hear, hear, and cheers.*) I succeeded in Ireland in putting them down (*cheers*). I appealed not to the malevolent spirit of thousands who were ready to engage in warfare, in battle and violence; but I appealed to fathers who were affectionate and attentive to their children—I appealed to brothers who loved and took care of their sisters—I appealed to the sons who revered their aged mothers, and the moral worth of Ireland rallied around me. England, Scotland, and Ireland are making great progress, because they are making it peaceably and constitutionally. Englishmen are ameliorating their condition as they improve the arts and sciences, not by idle experiment, but in sober steps of rationality; and they are looking forward to the gradual improvement of their institutions. The sensible people of Scotland are imitating them, and the ardour and enthusiasm of the Irish mind is softening down into a steady pursuit of the same object. My efforts now are to lessen the burdens of the British people; to direct the stream of taxation into its

proper channel, and to take away the burdens from the working classes, to take away all taxation from labour and also from the commodities that are necessary to life, as well as from the beings that produce them, and to place it solely on property. Until that period shall arrive the country will not be in a flourishing condition—until this country, like America, be free from taxation—until we can hail the day when taxation is at an end, and the national debt extinguished for ever (*cheering*) In the meantime, to revive the thoughts of the green land of my birth, I shall soon display this cup to my grandchildren, clustering around me, and as they admire its workmanship and the purity of its materials, they will have one lesson more to teach them of what inestimable value it is to the humblest talent and the lowest of human beings, to be always honest and always energetic.—(*cheering*). If I have a protestation to make it is this—that I cannot love Ireland more than I do this moment. I never lay my head on my pillow at night without thinking that I might have done more to forward her cause during the day, and I never rise at morn without aspirations to Providence for her liberty and her happiness. I then meditate how during the day I can do most good to the loved land of my birth, and here am I now labouring in that very vocation —(*cheers*) You cheer me—my labours afford you satisfaction, for I do my best to serve your country and mine. (*loud cheers.*) If to-morrow I should sink into the grave, then could this be said of me, that I left my country better at my death than I found her at my birth—(*loud and long cheers*). The snow of 60 winters have passed over my head, but my heart is as young as when I first entered life—and my spirit as untired, and I am afraid that you will think that even my tongue is as untired as my spirit (*cheers and laughter.*) But there is one animating thought, and that is, to free our common Christianity from the stain of persecution—to preach to all sects and persuasions the doctrine of mutual feeling and affection, and to proclaim to every Christian that he never can convince his neighbour of error by calumniating or persecuting him; and that form of Christian faith must be the best that leads most to practices of charity, which conduces most to human affection, and to acts of human kindness, and to the good of every class, colour, creed, and order. (*loud cheers*). I thank you sincerely for this splendid token of your approbation and regard—I shall treasure it with a grateful recollection of your love. It shall always bring to my recollection the scenes which I have witnessed since I came into Scotland, and I call on my countrymen to show their gratitude towards the worthy and kindly people of this country, who have received me as they have done (*hear and cheers*). Amongst all your acquaintances, wherever the Scottish accents fall on your ear, convey to Scotchmen the gratitude of an Irish heart, for the kindness with which they have received—I cannot call myself the champion—but the person who has struggled for Ireland, and obtained by the exaggerated gratitude of his countrymen the title of her Liberator.

(immense cheering). Thank them in the name of Ireland for their kindness to me, because in my person is embodied the cause of your country. Tell them the real union between the countries exists in the community of interests and affections—that they are the bond of union—which promote mutual prosperity and affection, and we never shall sever a tie so sacred and so sweet, unless inevitable necessity compels us to that which we would not be men if we did not do under circumstances of gigantic necessity, that, which Scotland did, when she drew her sword against the oppressors of conscience and of the Scottish religion. (*great cheering*). We anticipate Scotland, and will you take my pledge that I will, to the utmost, exert myself for Ireland, and that the interests of Scotland shall ever be dear to me. Mr. O'Connell then sat down amid long continued cheers.

A Deputy who had been sent from Kelso, now rose and said—that he had been appointed to the honour of presenting to Mr. O'Connell an Address from Kelso, which he hoped would show that the south of Scotland equally appreciated the talents of Ireland's Liberator. He then proceeded to read the Address, which was of considerable length, and which set forth, in very eloquent terms, the services which Mr. O'Connell had rendered to Ireland, and to the cause of Reform, and denouncing the obstacles which had been thrown in the way of further amelioration ! and assuring the hon. and learned gentleman that the people of Scotland were resolved to stand by him in his exertions for the cause of the people.

The Address was read amid great cheering, when it subsided

Mr. O'Connell briefly addressed the Deputy, and after stating in glowing language the attachment which the nation of Scotland had always shown to the true principles of liberty, concluded by saying—I will quote the poet of nature and of Scotland, when he proclaimed the virtues of the men of this country, and asked—

"Wha' would be a traitor knave ?
"Wha' would fill a coward's grave ?
"Wha' sa base as be a slave ?"—

and the response was, he is not to be found in the broad lands of Scotland (*tremendous cheering*).

Mr. O'Connell then proceeded to the Calton Convening Room, a few yards distant, where he was met by the Trades' Delegates, the Members of the Committee, &c. About 250 persons were present, a number of whom were ladies. Mr. O'Connell on his entrance was enthusiastically cheered.

The Secretary, Mr. Bigger, took the Chair, and shortly stated that Mr. O'Connell had kindly condescended to accept the invitation; that there had been no time for preparation; but he was sure their illustrious guest would not be the less pleased with the spontaneous expression of their feelings. He called upon them to fill their glasses to "The health of Mr. O'Connell."

Drank with three times three, Dr. Brown giving the honours after the Gaelic fashion, which called forth loud cheers.

Mr. O'Connell then rose, and after alluding to the Gaelic language which Dr. Brown had used, said, your worthy Chairman used one word for which, if I dared, I would reprove him. He talked of my condescension. Condescension is a word for grandees and titled dignitaries, but a fellowship of spirit and of action are the terms to be used to one of yourselves, whose order is the order of the people, and whose prime boast is that he is an operative in the cause of freedom (*cheers*). It is you who condescend, and I who accept with ample gratitude that manifestation of your spirit and your determination, that the great British empire shall be free from every stain of corruption; and that the rust of aristocratic dominion be wiped from off your escutcheon, and man, who is a "man for a' that," shall have no master but the law, and nothing to check him in his progress to liberty, and in the acquirement of good and cheap government. I have seen the natural beauties which surround your city, and admire the face of nature, and the handywork of "nature's God." I have seen the brave and resolute men who belong to it, and the lovely women; and I rejoice that I have struggled so long in the cause of human liberty, as it has given me a fellowship and a companionship with you all. To the Trades of Edinburgh my thanks are due. They have proved themselves what the operative classes in this country are every day proving themselves to be, the best educated class of society, because their education is not superficial, but rational; and has for its object the improvement of the faculties of the mind, and the rooting out of prejudices. Let there be no fighting among friends. If one be not so warm as another do not quarrel with him, but let one and all of you, Whigs and Radicals, meet the Tories face to face. We achieved but one good measure after all this last session, but that was not our fault, for one hundred and seventy tyrants of the country prevented us from achieving more. Ancient Athens was degraded for submitting to thirty tyrants—modern Athens will never allow one hundred and seventy tyrants to rule over them. Their dominion is short. We have commenced the battle under the most favourable circumstances, because we have demonstrated that the fault of having so few liberal measures passed is all theirs. We did everything in our power to conciliate (*hear, hear*). We endeavoured to draw the tooth gently out of the lion—no, not out of the lion, for he is a noble and generous animal, but out of the tiger—but we could not succeed, and the Tories have kept their teeth to gnash and grind with, but they will soon grind them all out (*laughter and cheers*). Mr. O'Connell then alluded to the attacks which had been made of late upon himself in the House of Lords. It was stated in one of the Clubs that at one time a dog had bitten a bishop, whereupon a noble lord, who was present, said, I will lay any wager that the bishop began the quarrel—now really, the House of Lords began the quarrel with me. They may treat me as a mad dog if they please (*great laughter*). I won't fight them, but I will treat them as the Quaker treated the dog

which had attacked him—"Heaven forbid," said he, "that I should do thee the slightest injury. I am a man of peace, and I will not hurt thee;" but when the dog went away, he cried out "mad dog, mad dog," and all the people set upon him (*immense cheering and laughter*). Now, that is my remedy with the House of Lords. I am more honest than the Quaker was, for the dog that attacked me is really mad. Bills were rejected in the House of Lords, simply because Daniel O'Connell supported them; and I do say, that if I had any twelve men in a Jury on a question of lunacy, I would put it to that jury to say if such men were not confirmed madmen (*cheers and laughter*). So you perceive the dog is really mad, (*laughter*) and accordingly, I have started on this mission to rouse the public mind to the great necessity there is for reforming the House of Lords, and I have fifty thousand cheering me in Manchester, and a hundred thousand cheering me in Newcastle; and I heard one simultaneous cry—Down with the mad dogs, and up with common sense (*cheers and laughter*). The same cry has resounded through "Auld Reekie," the Calton Hill and Arthur's seat re-echoed with the sound, and all Scotland has expressed the same determination to use every legitimate effort to remove the House of Lords (*great cheering*). Mr. O'Connell then, after a few words, concluded, and sat down amidst long continued cheering.

Mr. Jameson, W. S., and Dr. Browne, Advocate, afterwards addressed the meeting in eloquent speeches, and proposed the healths of Mrs. O'Connell and the family at Derrynane, and Mr. Sheil and the liberal members for Ireland.

Mr. O'Connell returned thanks, and immediately after the company separated.

Mr. O'Connell was loudly cheered as he entered the hotel.

MR. O'CONNELL AT FALKIRK.

Early on Monday morning, hustings were erected at the Cross, and nearly a hundred of the most respectable inhabitants had signed an invitation for Mr. O'Connell to breakfast at the Red Lion Inn. As ten o'clock approached an immense crowd took the road towards the east. A procession of the inhabitants, with a band of music, marched out to Laurieston to wait the arrival, and were speedily followed by a similar and very numerous procession of the people of Carron, Grahamston, &c., bearing a number of flags and banners, and headed by the Carron instrumental band. At Laurieston the great and joyous crowd received their popular representative Mr. Gillon, amid hearty cheers, and the whole remained for some time in a feverish anticipation of the carriage making its appearance. It would be impossible to describe the enthusiasm which burst forth when Mr. O'Connell, accompanied by his son, was at last fairly placed in the centre of the united mass. The bands played Irish airs, and one shout rent the welkin. The whole moved into the

town, acquiring accession of numbers until the East Port became choked with the dense throng. A number of the gentlemen had taken their places at the breakfast table, and when the carriage stopped at the inn, it was anticipated that the welcome guest would make his appearance in the large hall; but we understand Mr. O'Connell's engagement at Glasgow rendered it quite impossible for him to bestow the time that would have been required, and amid shouts of "to the hustings," he went onwards to the Cross, and took his place at a few minutes past eleven o'clock.

After the cheering had subsided, Mr. Gillon came forward to introduce his friend to the public of this, his returning burgh. He alluded to the splendid reception which everywhere had greeted him. Bigotry and intolerance, which formerly prevailed, had now given way to one great and national object, and all were united for reform. The reign of the minions of tyranny who rode rough-shod over us had ceased, and a happier chapter in our history was opened. He would ever go forward as he had done, to achieve all that Reformers held sacred, for every part of the empire. He had recorded his opposition to the measure of coercion in Ireland; but here all efforts gave place to the man who conquered for the liberties of his own fair soil, and had ever battled for the rights of his fellow-men, wherever oppressed and enslaved. There was not one real Scotsman whose heart did not beat in unison with the constant, powerful, and European champion, who had tracked tyranny to its lair, and felled the hundred-headed beast; and he was sure that the friends of the right cause in Falkirk would appreciate the visit with which Mr. O'Connell now honoured them (*cheering.*)

An eloquent and well-penned address from the inhabitants was then read by Mr. James Simpson, ironmonger, containing the common thanks of all for Mr. O'Connell's exertions during his eventful struggles, which was responded to by loud cheering.

Mr. O'Connell now presented himself to the meeting (which amounted to upwards of five thousand at least) and could not proceed for a considerable time, from the prolonged expression of mingled emotion towards him. He said—Men of Falkirk, I shall wear this address in my breast. Since I commenced my present mission, I have been actuated by public principle, and I trust I may awaken many dormant eyes to see the vast strides which have been gained in a crusade against British slavery; for what have been the moral, the physical effects of our oppressors' long sway, but to perpetuate a system of gross slavery? They never were fond of a bad name, and Toryism, though once a favourite word, might be changed to a longer but not more gracious one, Conservatism, but still its spirit was, and ever would be, the same. He had been charmed with the lovely and cultivated country through which he had approached the ancient town of Falkirk; and the high stature it had now assumed among the reforming burghs of Scotland, made him remember the local attachments he had here, and the local duties he had to perform in Falkirk. He felt a sympathy that touched his

heart, for in the moment of his struggle for his country, there (clapping Mr. Gillon on the shoulder) was one of his most strenuous and efficient supporters. Ireland and England had shown their advocates for the really radical reform of every abuse, (*hear, hear, and cheers*)—but five Scotsmen there were, whose efforts against the tiger of despotism did honour to the land from which they sprung and the liberal electors who sent them to Parliament.—There were the two Oswalds—there was Wallace—there was the good and patriotic Kinloch of Kinloch, who sleeps in an honoured grave: and there was he [Mr. Gillon] who yet lives to give his steady aid to the sentiments of this enlightened burgh. Oh that he could here, in the language which he first lisped, express to them his "pulse of heart;" if he could translate the deep impassioned feelings which in every valley of his native isle they would speak of these, his coadjutors, and of "Albyn of a thousand streams." They never gave a bad vote, nor were absent when they had to give a good one.—We took help in the cause of reform where it could be got, and if the Whigs came to us half way, we must go half way to meet them, and do every thing in our power for cheap and good government. The honourable gentleman then repeated his well known aphorism about the House of old Ladies, and denounced the hundred and seventy tyrants who sought, for no purpose of national good, to oppose the wise workings of the people's representatives. What he wanted and preached was, the establishment of a second chamber, but one to be elected by the people—and if, like faithful men, this chamber of elected Lords did their duty, they might come back and face their constituents. All power was from and for the people. The franchise must be extended—every householder should vote, and he who was guilty of no crime, and was twenty years of age was worthy to have a voice in the election of his representative, who had a right to tax him. Mr. O'Connell then went over various other political topics of interest, such as vote by ballot, short Parliaments, &c. He then thanked the meeting in the name of Ireland, and concluded one of the most eloquent and splendid efforts of oratory which it has ever been the fortune of the people in that quarter to listen to, amid tremendous cheers.

Mr. O'Connell then stepped into his carriage and drove off, followed by the hearty hurrahs of his admiring throng.

The Company afterwards returned to the Red Lion Inn, and partook of breakfast, Mr. Gillon in the chair, whose lady and her two sisters and father graced the company; we also observed some of the Spanish officers who have been residing here, at table.

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